

The most lamentable Tragedie

And make them know what tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the streets, and begge for grace in vaine:
Come, come sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*,)
Take vp thys good old man, and cheere the hart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

Satur. Rise Titus rise, my Empreffe hath preuaild:

Titus. I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.
These wordes, these lookes, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. Titus I am incorporate in Rome;
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
Thys day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you prince *Basianus* I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

We doe, and vowe to heauen, and to his highnes;
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Marcus. That on mine honour heere I doe protest.

Satur. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

Satur. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers heere,
And at my louelic *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the priest.

of Titus

Come, if the Emperours co
You are my guest *Lauinia*, and
Thys day shall be a loue-day

Titus. To morrow and i
To hunt the Panther and the
With horne and hound, we

Satur. Be it so Titus, and
sound trumpets

Aron. Now climeth Tam
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and
Secure of thunders cracke or
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuie
As when the golden sunne sa
And hauing gillt the Ocean
Gallops the Zodiacke in his
And ouer-lookes the highes

So *Tamora*.

Vpon her wit doth earthly h
And vertue stoops and trem
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and
To mount aloft with thy En
And mount her pitch, whor
Hast prisoner held, fettered in
And faster bound to *Arons*
Then is *Prometheus* tyde to
Away with flauish weedes an
I will be bright, and shine in
To waite vpon this new mac
To waite said I? to wanton v
This Goddesse, this *Semeris*
Thys Syren, that will charm
And see his shipwracke, and
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and

Come